

EXTRA

GANGWAY FOR PIN-UP PETE



TOM  
TOBY  
PRESS

# MONTY HALL of the U.S. MARINES

10¢  
NO. 7  
AUG.  
1952

MONTY!!  
LOOK BEHIND YA!  
WE'RE BEIN'  
SURROUNDED!



DON'T MISS —

**THE FIREBALL EXPRESS!**





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SOLDIERS

SOLDIERS  
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I enclose..... at \$1 per set. Rush your 50-piece Fighting Force set prepaid.

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MACHINE GUNS

BAZOOKAS

RIFLEMEN

JETS



6 MONTY HALL of the  
**U.S. MARINES**

# THE FIREBALL EXPRESS

**OPERATION FIREBALL EXPRESS!** THAT'S WHAT THESE ATOMIC BOMB TESTS INVOLVING THE USE OF AMERICAN TROOPS ARE CALLED. MONTY, TEX, AND CANARSIE KNOW THEY HAVE BEEN GIVEN FRONT ROW SEATS FOR AN AWESOME PREVIEW OF THE WAR OF THE FUTURE. BUT WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE NEXT PERFORMANCE OF **OPERATION FIREBALL EXPRESS** WOULD FIND THEM RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE...



I HEAR TELL THEY'RE GOING TO EXPLODE THE NEXT ATOM BOMB RIGHT HERE. THEY WANT TO TEST ALL THIS BATTLE-FIELD EQUIPMENT!

SO **THAT'S** WHY WE'VE BEEN DIGGIN' FOXHOLES AN' DRAGGIN' UP THE BIG GUNS!

IT SURE IS, CANARSIE...AND THIS NEXT TEST IS ONE THAT FOREIGN AGENTS WOULD GIVE PLENTY TO SEE!

PETE, YOU'RE SURE YOUR COUSINS WON'T MIND US COMING?

MIND, MONTY? THEY'LL BE HONORED! WHAT A BREAK FOR ME... BEING STATIONED SO CLOSE TO HOME. **HOME!** SEE? ALREADY I THINK OF AMERICA AS THAT!

SURE MUST'VE BEEN TOUGH HAVIN' TO LEAVE YOUR CLOSE KINFOLKS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!

MOUNTY, TEX, AND CANARSIE ARE ON SHORT LIBERTY FROM THE TESTING AREA, THEIR NEW FRIEND, PETE JANOVEC, HAS INVITED THEM TO HIS COUSIN'S HOME, NEARBY, FOR DINNER.

BOY! **THERE'S** A NUMBER I'D LIKE TO DO SOME CHICKEN FARMIN' WITH!

NO, YOU WOULDN'T CANARSIE. NO YOU WOULDN'T AT ALL. EXCUSE ME, FELLAS. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

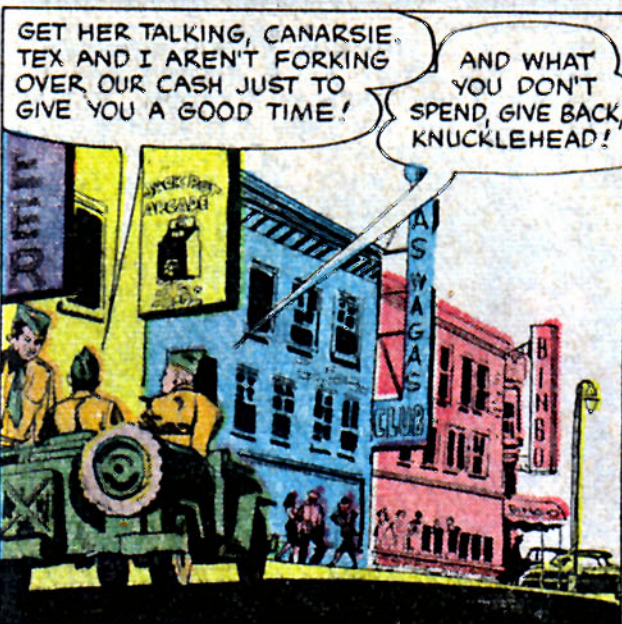
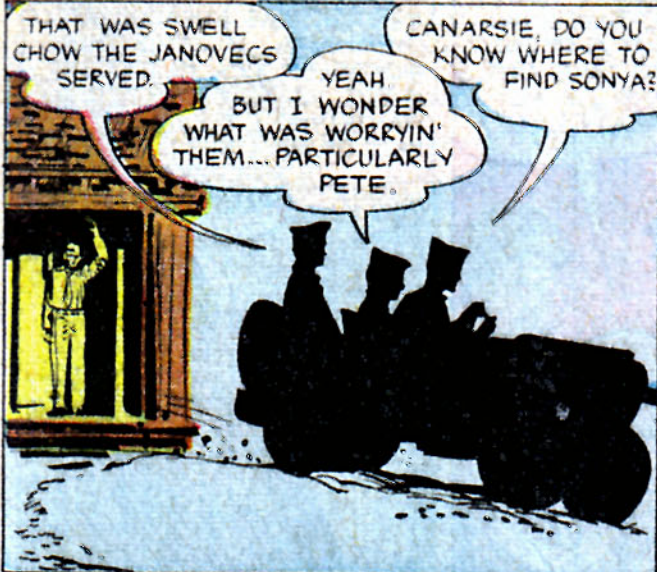








SEVERAL HOURS AND A GOOD MEAL LATER...





MEN, AFTER DAWN TOMORROW AN ATOM BOMB WILL BE DROPPED BY A B-29 IN THE CAVE AREA. FROM NOW ON, THAT SECTION IS OFF LIMITS! ANYONE CAUGHT AROUND THE TESTING STRIP WILL HAVE THE BOOK THROWN AT HIM... IF HE SURVIVES!



WAIT A SEC, PETE. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!



SORRY, MONTY. NO TIME NOW... GOT A DETAIL TO TAKE OUT, AND I'M ALREADY LATE!

AFTER THE MEETING WAS OVER, PETE HIGHTAILED IT OUT. HE WANTED NO PART OF ME.

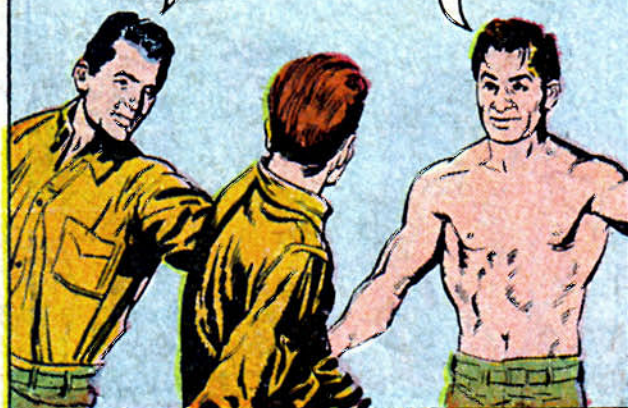
LET'S GO TO HEADQUARTERS... THIS THING IS TOO BIG FOR US!

I'LL BET THEY'RE ALL SPIES!



HOLD YOUR HORSES! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO TELL THEM? WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING DEFINITE... JUST OUR SUSPICIONS.

HOW ABOUT ME SEEN' THAT ALEX MAKIN' LIKE A MARINE? THAT'S SOMETHIN' PRETTY DEFINITE, MONTY!



MAYBE IT WASN'T ALEX YOU SAW AFTER ALL.

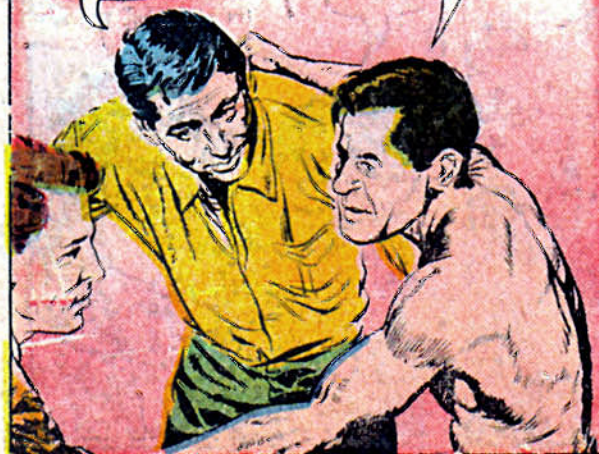
IT WAS HIM, MONTY. I GOT TWENTY-TWENTY EYE-SIGHT, AND I SEE WHAT I SEE!

YOU MEAN WE HAVEN'T ANY PROOF... IS THAT IT, MONTY? WELL, WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?



FROM NOW 'TIL AFTER THE BOMB TEST TOMORROW, ONE OF US KEEPS AN EYE ON PETE.

OKAY. AND THIS TIME WE'LL DO A REAL SNOW JOB ON HIM!



HEY, TEX! UP AN' AT 'EM! PETE'S TAKIN' A WALK AND WE'RE FOLLOWIN'!

UH? WHAT TIME IS IT?

ALMOST DAWN. AND MAYBE MORE THAN THAT WILL BREAK AROUND HERE!







LOOK! PETE'S  
SIGNALLIN'  
SOMEBODY!

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT,  
HE'S BEING ANSWERED! I  
GUESS WE'LL BE GETTING  
ALL THE PROOF WE'LL  
EVER NEED!



HEY, MONTY, DON'T  
THOSE MARKERS  
MEAN WE'RE INSIDE  
THE TESTIN'  
STRIP?

IT SURE  
DOES,  
CANARSIE!

THEN LET'S GET THIS  
OVER WITH PRONTO  
AND BEAT IT BEFORE  
WE GET BLASTED!



SURE IS DARK  
IN HERE!

CUT THE  
YAPPIN',  
CANARSIE! WANT  
TO LET EVERYBODY  
KNOW WE'RE HERE?



MAYBE THIS WILL  
HELP MY LITTLE  
CANARSIE LOVER  
BOY, NO?

SONYA  
!!



YOU DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE  
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE  
FOLLOWIN' ME,  
DID YOU? WHAT  
KIND OF MARINE  
DO YOU THINK I  
AM ANYWAY?

DO YOU  
HAVE TO  
ASK,  
PETE?



WHY, YOU  
STUPID CLOWN,  
I OUGHT TO  
LET YOU HAVE  
IT!

STOP IT, PETE. NO TIME FOR  
THAT NOW. THE BOMB  
GOES OFF SOON, AND WE  
MUST TAKE PICTURES...  
MANY OF THEM!



HURRY UP, PETE.  
THEY CAN'T  
GET FREE.

I JUST  
WANTED TO  
MAKE SURE. THE  
INTERFERIN' GOONS  
WOULD HAVE TO STICK  
THEIR NOSES IN!

WE'LL TAKE PICTURES OF THEM  
AFTER THE  
BOMB BLAST.  
"BARBARIC  
AMERICANS USE  
OWN SOLDIERS AS  
GUINEA PIGS!" IT WILL  
MAKE EXCELLENT PROPAGANDA!



THAT SONYA!  
DAMES  
SURE ARE  
POISON!

ALEX DOESN'T WIN ANY POPULAR-  
ITY CONTESTS WITH ME EITHER.  
AND AS FOR THAT LOW-  
DOWN PETE, I'D JUST  
LIKE TO GET MY  
HANDS ON HIM  
FOR TWO MINUTES...  
THAT'S ALL!

WHY  
NOT?  
LET'S GO  
AFTER  
THEM!



OKAY, I'LL BITE.  
HOW DID YOU  
MANAGE THAT?

SIMPLE...THANKS TO PETE!  
HE LOOSENED THE ROPES  
WHILE PRETENDING TO TIE  
THEM TIGHTER!



DON'T WASTE  
ANY TIME. THE  
FIREBALL PLANE  
IS ABOUT DUE!

DON'T WORRY,  
MONTY. I'LL  
MAKE  
TRACKS!



YOU TOO, LEATHER-  
NECK! GET YOUR  
ARMS UP AND  
KEEP THEM  
UP!

WHERE'S  
PETE?  
WHAT'VE  
YOU DONE  
TO HIM?



SONYA! YOU  
AGAIN! WHERE  
DID YOU COME  
FROM?

LOVER BOY,  
YOU ASK  
SO MANY  
QUESTIONS.  
JUST GET YOUR  
HANDS UP!



IT'S THE FIREBALL EXPRESS...  
GETTIN' READY TO DROP ITS  
LOAD! RIGHT ON US, TOO!



LITTLE GIRLS CAN GET  
HURT PLAYIN' WITH  
BANG-BANG TOYS.  
PAPA BETTER TAKE  
IT AWAY!

YOU BIG SAP!  
WHY DID YOU HAVE  
TO COME ALONG  
AND SPOIL  
EVERYTHING?!







YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, CANARSIE! ALEX FOUND THAT PETE WAS DOUBLE-CROSSING HIM, AND HE'S GOING AFTER YOUR FRIENDS. HE'LL KILL THEM TOO!

AND I SUPPOSE TAKIN' CARE OF ME WAS YOUR DETAIL!



THERE! PISTOL SHOTS! ...FROM THE CAVE! NOW WILL YOU BELIEVE ME?

NOT ON A STACK OF BIBLES! BUT WE'RE GOIN' BACK TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! YOU FIRST, BABY.



WHAT GIVES? YOU GISMOS ALL RIGHT ??

OH, WE'RE FINE! JUST BEEN TEACHIN' ALEX THAT HE AND A GUN ARE NO MATCH FOR A UNITED STATES MARINE!



ALEX KNOCKED PETE OUT AND DUMPED HIM IN THE OPEN FOR THE BOMB TO FINISH OFF! YOU'VE GOT TO RESCUE HIM!

SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE FOOL!



IT'S PETE ALL RIGHT. I'M GOING OUT AFTER HIM!

ME TOO, CANARSIE. KEEP AN EYE ON ALEX AND SONYA.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!



IT'S A DIRTY TRICK! THEY HAVE ALL THE FUN AND LEAVE ME WITH GUARD DUTY...

CANARSIE! BEHIND YOU! ALEX... A ROCK!



I DON'T GET YOU AT ALL! WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON, BABY?

IS THERE STILL A DOUBT, LOVER BOY!

SHE'S A TRAITOR TO THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC!



THAT'S SURE A NASTY CRACK HE TOOK ACROSS HIS NOGGIN'!

WE'LL BE TAKIN' A WORSE ONE IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE. THEY'RE GOING TO DROP THAT BOMB ANY SECOND!





THEY'VE DROPPED THE BOMB!

GET BACK! GO BACK INTO THE CAVE AS FAR AS YOU CAN! FALL FLAT AND COVER YOUR FACE AND NECK!



IT'S GOIN' TO BUST OPEN ANY MOMENT. WHAT A SIGHT THAT'S GOIN' TO BE!

...ONE SIGHT I DON'T WANT TO SEE. NOT THIS CLOSE! KEEP MOVIN' TEX IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!



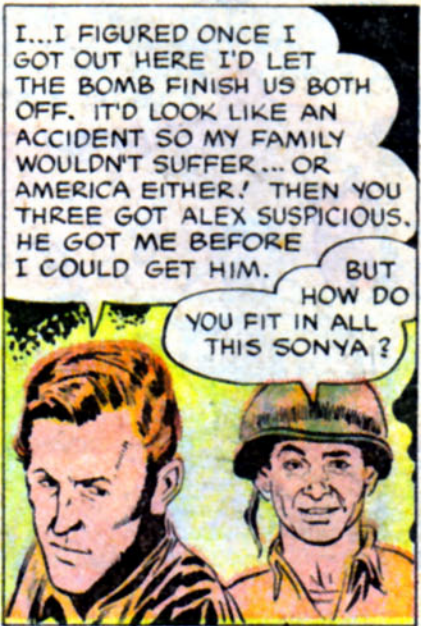
IT'S...IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE END OF THE WORLD HAS COME!

IT ALMOST DID ... FOR PETE!



I BET YOU GUYS HAD ME FOR A REAL TRAITOR! I...

IT WASN'T PETE'S FAULT, BOYS! ALEX THREATENED HIS FAMILY STILL BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN UNLESS PETE HELPED TO SPY ON THIS TEST. PETE EVEN HAD TO GET HIM A UNIFORM SO HE COULD PASS INTO THE BOMB AREA!



I...I FIGURED ONCE I GOT OUT HERE I'D LET THE BOMB FINISH US BOTH OFF. IT'D LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT SO MY FAMILY WOULDN'T SUFFER... OR AMERICA EITHER! THEN YOU THREE GOT ALEX SUSPICIOUS. HE GOT ME BEFORE I COULD GET HIM.

BUT HOW DO YOU FIT IN ALL THIS SONYA?



OH, THERE'S A REAL SONYA...BUT SHE'S BEHIND BARS! I CAME TO "HELP" ALEX AND CHECK ON PETE'S LOYALTY. I'M AN FBI. UNDERCOVER AGENT, YOU SEE. INCIDENTALLY, IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO DISCOVER PETE IS AS ALL-AMERICAN AS HIS UNIFORM!

OH, YOU SONYA! OH, YOU WONDERFUL DAME!



TALK ABOUT ATOM BOMBS ...HERE COMES THE BROOKLYN FIREBALL EXPRESS IN PERSON!

THE END



MONTY HALL of the  
**U.S. MARINES**

# IN "PEACE— IT'S WONDERFUL!"

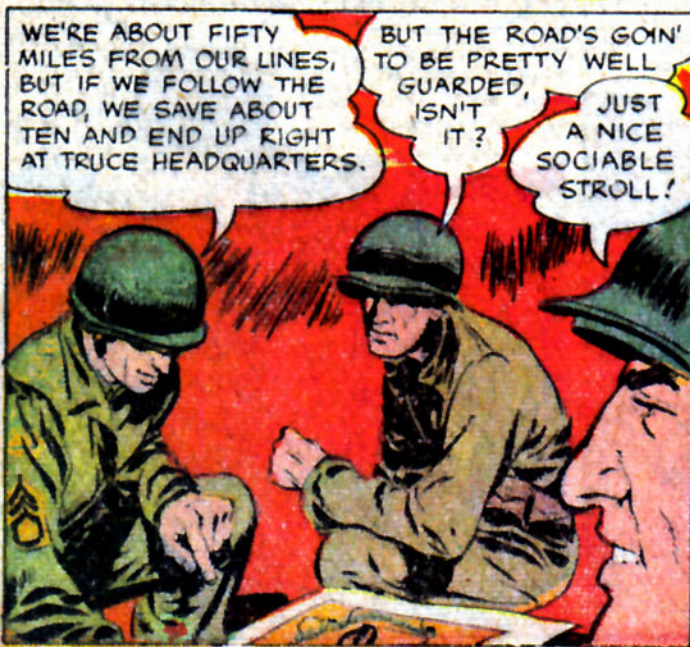
THE TRUCE TALKS BETWEEN THE U.N. NEGOTIATORS AND THE REDS HAVE DRAGGED THEIR WEARY WAY FOR MANY MONTHS NOW. A HIGH ECHELON DECISION TO IMPRESS THE COMMUNISTS, BY A SERIES OF FORAYS, WITH THE VALUE OF A QUICK CONCILIATION HAS PLACED MONTY, TEX, CANARSIE, AND OTHER UNITED STATES MARINES FAR BEHIND ENEMY LINES.

THIS OUGHT TO  
JAM THE REDS' SUPPLY  
LINES FOR AWHILE!

...AND MAYBE  
HELP BREAK THE TRUCE  
TALK DEADLOCK AT THE  
SAME TIME... WHICH IS THE  
PURPOSE OF THIS RAID  
ANYWAY!









THOSE SHOTS  
CAME FROM DUE  
WEST... FROM  
THE TOP OF THAT  
HILL.

YOU'RE RIGHT, TEX.  
I THINK I'VE GOT  
'EM LOCATED.  
THERE ARE A  
COUPLE OF 'EM. SEE  
FOR YOURSELF!



I DON'T GET IT.  
WHAT ARE THOSE  
TWO JOES DOIN' IN  
U.S. UNIFORMS  
AND FIRIN' ON  
US?

IT'S A WRONGO,  
THAT'S FOR  
SURE!



...OKAY THEN. YOU  
TWO KEEP 'EM BUSY  
WHILE I SNEAK UP  
AND TRY TO FIND  
OUT WHAT  
GIVES!

JUST  
A DECOY,  
THAT'S ALL  
I AM!

CHEER UP, CANARSIE.  
YOU'VE GOT THE  
WOODEN HEAD  
FOR ONE  
ANYWAY!



GOOD  
LUCK,  
GISMOS  
!

IT AIN'T OUR  
GOOD LUCK THAT  
WILL HELP, MONTY,  
AS MUCH AS  
THE FACT THAT  
THEIR AIM IS DOWN-  
RIGHT BAD!



I TELL YOU  
THIS IS FOOL-  
ISHNESS. WE  
WASTE TIME  
AND AMMU-  
NITION!

WE'LL HAVE  
PLENTY OF  
BOTH LEFT  
FOR GENERAL  
WU. MEAN-  
TIME WE GET  
THESE CAPITAL-  
ISTIC SCUM!



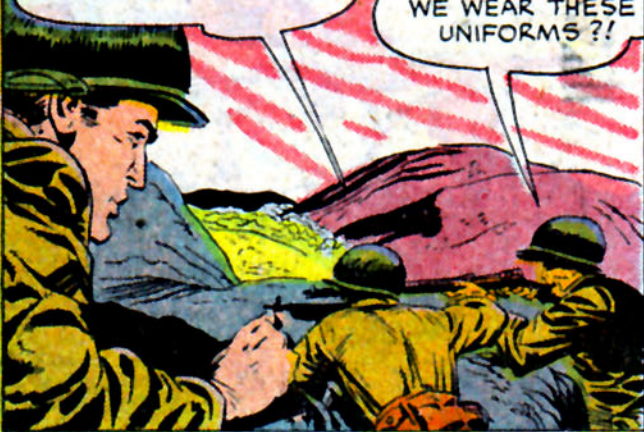
GENERAL WU! WHY, HE'S  
ONE OF THE CHIEF RED  
NEGOTIATORS! AND HIS  
OWN SIDE IS OUT TO GET  
HIS SCALP!





WE PUT OURSELVES  
IN DANGER FOR NOTHING.  
WE HAVE BUT ONE JOB  
TO DO... TO KILL GENERAL  
WU AND THUS PROVIDE  
GROUNDS FOR INTER-  
NATIONAL INCIDENT!

DO NOT WORRY.  
WU'S DEATH WILL  
BE BLAMED ON  
THE BUTCHERS  
OF U.N. JUST  
AS PLANNED!  
WHY ELSE DO  
WE WEAR THESE  
UNIFORMS?!

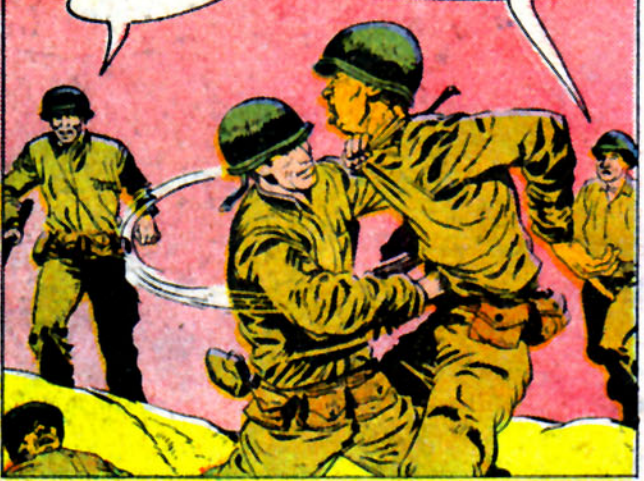


SO THAT'S THE GIMMICK!  
WELL, YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY  
WITH IT!



WE PLAY HIDE  
AND SEEK WHILE  
SOME GUYS  
HAVE ALL THE  
FUN!

YEAH. DON'T LOOK  
LIKE THERE'S MUCH  
LEFT AROUND HERE  
FOR US TO DO!



THAT'S IT. THEY  
WERE FIGURING  
TO AMBUSH WU,  
THEN BLAME THE  
U.N. FOR HIS  
DEATH!

IF WE COULD ONLY  
GET TO THE GENERAL  
AND GIVE HIM THE  
LOWDOWN. THAT  
SURE WOULD GIVE  
US A BRASS RING ON  
THIS PEACE TALK  
MERRY-GO-ROUND!



YOU'VE GOT A REAL BRAIN-  
STORM, CANARSIE! AND  
THIS PINHEAD IS GOING  
TO HELP US MEET THE  
GENERAL!

I DO  
NOTHING  
!!



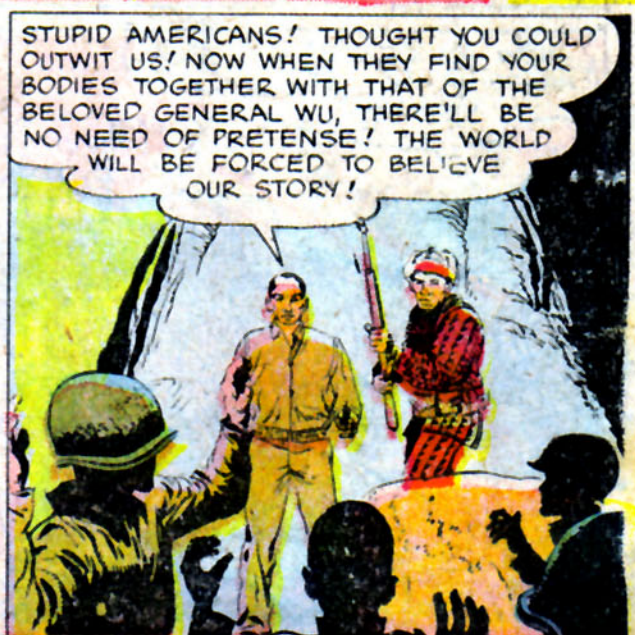
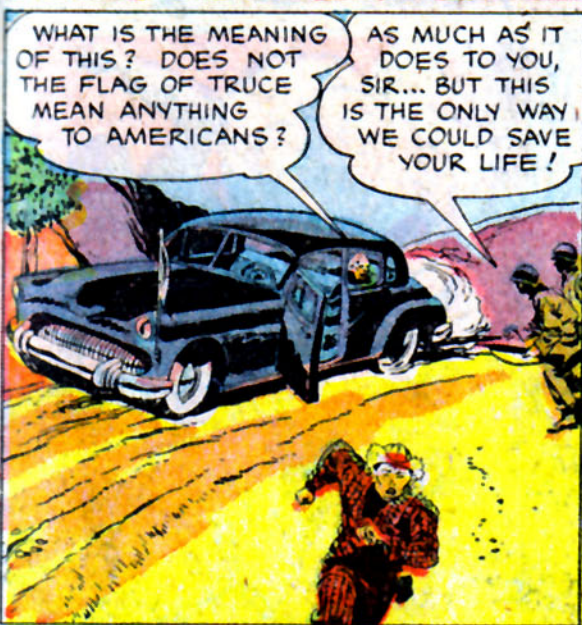
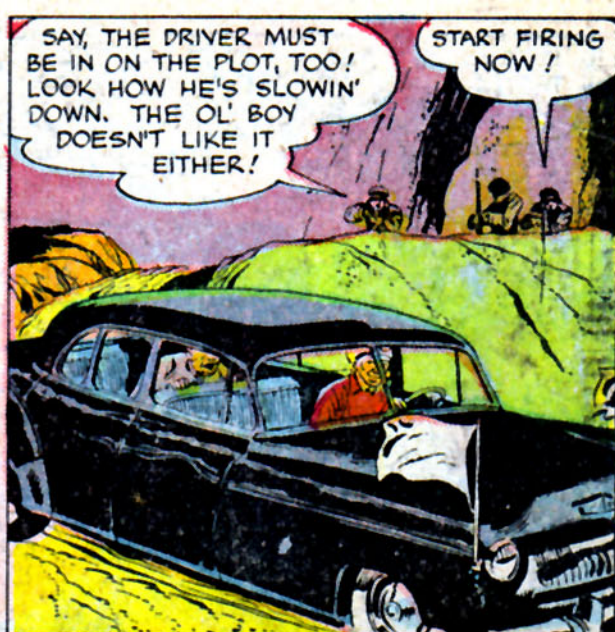
MONTY, THE GENERAL  
IS COMIN',  
PRONTO!

HE  
ESCAPE  
NOW BUT HE  
DIE LATER. HIS  
DEATH IS NECESSARY  
FOR A GREATER  
ASIA!

NUTS! WE'LL  
SEE ABOUT  
THAT. COME  
ON, YOU  
GYRENES!









IT IS TRUE,  
THEN... I  
AM TO DIE.

YES, REACTIONARY ONE.  
YOU ARE TOO SOFT, TOO  
EASY. YOU GIVE TOO MUCH  
IN THE TRUCE TALKS. YOUR  
DEATH WILL SHOW HOW WRONG  
YOU WERE!

SO YOU ADMIT  
THAT THESE TRUCE  
TALKS ARE ALL **TAKE**  
AND NO **GIVE** ON  
YOUR SIDE!

I ADMIT NOTHING!  
WE FIGHT YOUR  
IMPERIALISTIC  
CLAIMS...  
**OOPS!**

**MONTY,**  
SEEING TEX AND  
CANARSIE MANEU-  
VERING TOWARD THE  
UNSUSPECTING REDS,  
STARTS TALKING  
FAST FOR A  
COVER-UP!



NOW, ALL OF YOU! GET YOUR  
HANDS UP AND KEEP  
THEM UP!



WELL, GENERAL, WHAT'S YOUR  
DECISION? DO WE KEEP OUR HANDS  
UP... OR DO YOU BELIEVE  
US NOW?

I BELIEVE  
**YOU!**





ONLY ONE TIRE SHOT UP, AND LUCKILY THERE IS A SPARE!

I AM SOFT AND OLD. OTHERWISE I WOULD HAVE KILLED THESE MURDERERS!

WE DON'T CALL BEING WISE AND GOOD A WEAKNESS.



NOW THIS IS BROOKLYN'S BEST! EVEN BEATS THE CONEY ISLAND EXPRESS!

BEATS TRAVELIN' ON THE HOOF!



YOU UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING THOROUGHLY ??

YES, GENERAL WE GIVE YOU TEN MINUTES. THEN IN WE COME!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR SHOES. WE AREN'T EXACTLY POPULAR AROUND HERE!

THESE GALLOOTS AREN'T CO-OPERATIN'!



THIS IS A GRAVE CHARGE YOU ARE MAKING, COMRADE WU. YOU HAVE PROOF... OF COURSE?

MY PROOF COMES NOW !!



YOU WISHED TO ELIMINATE ME AND TO FORCE NEW CONCESSIONS FROM THE WEST IN ONE STROKE! NOW I TELL THE FREE WORLD... FIGHT ON! THERE IS NO PEACE WHERE THERE IS NO HONOR!



I KIND OF FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE HOMBRES. THEY SURE MESS'D UP THEIR DETAIL!

...AND THE REDS DON'T PAY OFF ON FAILURES. ONE MISTAKE AND IT'S YOUR HEAD!



I SHALL DEVOTE MY REMAINING YEARS TO AWAKENING THE PEOPLE OF CHINA TO THE TRUTH! PERHAPS I SHALL BE ABLE TO ERASE SOME OF THE MISTAKES I'VE MADE.

AND WE'LL ALL BE PITCHING IN TO HELP YOU, GENERAL!



THE END



**MONTY HALL of the  
U.S. MARINES**

*in*  
**"AVALANCHE  
AMBUSH"**

WHAT DO THOSE TWO HOMBRES  
THINK THEY'RE DOIN'? THEY  
DELIBERATELY CUT IN FRONT  
OF CANARSIE, PRACTICALLY  
KNOCKIN' HIM OFF HIS FEET!

AND HE'S GREEN  
ENOUGH ON SKIS AS  
IT IS! COME ON, TEX,  
LET'S SEE IF HE'S HURT!

**O**N A SEVENTY-TWO  
HOUR LIBERTY, MONTY, TEX  
AND CANARSIE HAVE COME TO  
MOUNT COLONY, A FAMOUS  
WINTER RESORT, TO SKI AND TO VISIT  
AN OLD FRIEND, TAG MALONE,  
SNOW RANGER. TAG'S DANGEROUS  
JOB WAS TO OUTGUESS AVALANCHES,  
BUT NOT EVEN  
HE COULD FORESEE THE  
MYSTERY AND PERIL  
THAT AWAITED THE  
THREE GYRENES!

YOU ALL  
RIGHT,  
CANARSIE?

SURE. THOSE STUMBLE  
BUMS ALMOST RAN  
ME DOWN! THEY  
WERE A COUPLE  
OF MEAN-LOOKIN'  
CHARACTERS.

LET'S GET  
GOING,  
CANARSIE.  
TAG'S LODGE IS  
A GOOD PIECE  
AWAY, AND THERE'S  
A REAL STORM  
COMING UP!

TAG ISN'T HERE  
AND THE CABIN  
LOOKS DESERTED!

HIS JOB TAKES HIM  
ALL OVER THE MOUNTAINS,  
SO I RECKON HE'LL  
BE BACK PRONTO.

IF I HAD TO  
KEEP LIVIN'  
UNDER THAT  
OVERGROWN  
SNOWBALL, I'D  
NEVER COME  
BACK!

**MOUNT  
AVALANCHE  
MOUNT COLONY**

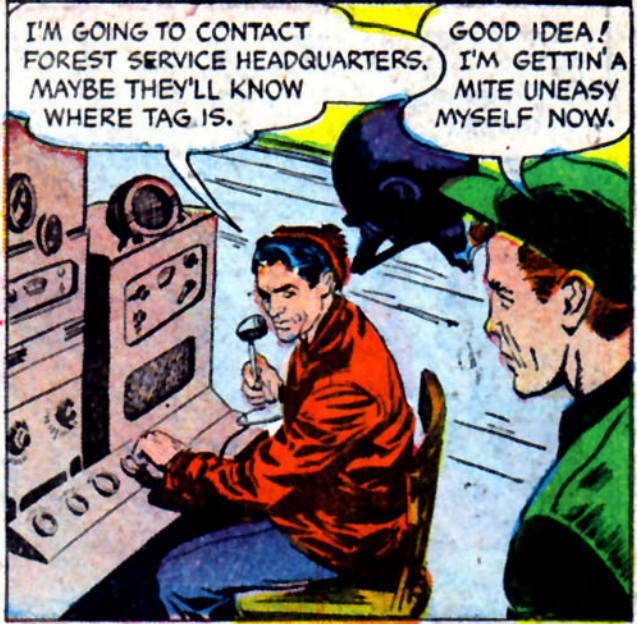
**COLONY  
CONTROL STATION  
NATIONAL FOREST**





I DON'T SEE ANYTHIN' SO DESERTED LOOKIN' AROUND HERE, MONTY. TAG'S JUST GONE OUT FOR A LITTLE WHILE, LIKE TEX SAID. THAT'S ALL.

MAYBE SO. BUT ALL HIS WEATHER INSTRUMENTS ARE RUNNING DOWN, AND WITHOUT THOSE WORKING, A SNOW RANGER IS DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND!



I'M GOING TO CONTACT FOREST SERVICE HEADQUARTERS. MAYBE THEY'LL KNOW WHERE TAG IS.

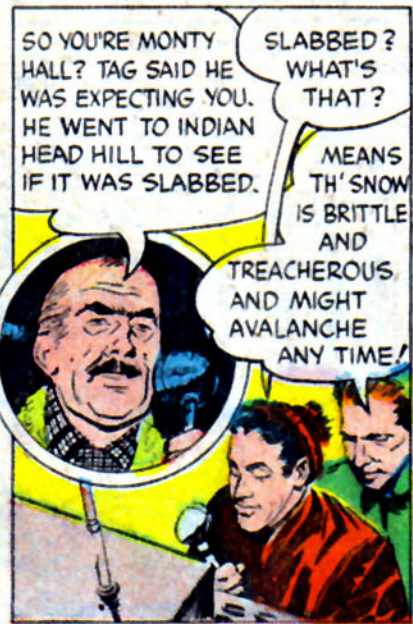
GOOD IDEA! I'M GETTIN' A MITE UNEASY MYSELF NOW.



HEADQUARTERS, THIS IS MT. COLONY. ...OVER.

GREAT SMOKE, THEY **DON'T** KNOW!

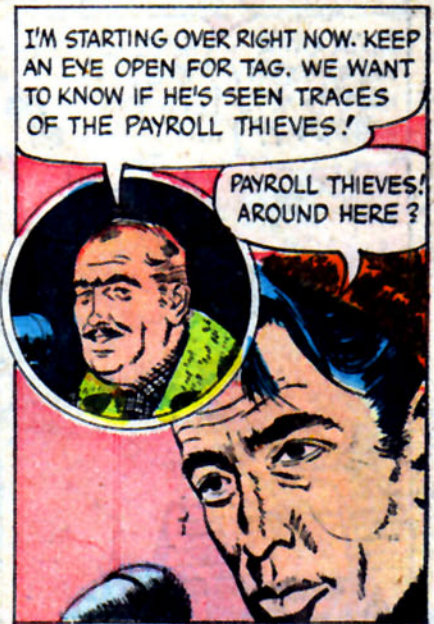
MT. COLONY, THIS IS HEADQUARTERS. SUPERVISOR FLOOD TALKING. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN TAG? OVER.



SO YOU'RE MONTY HALL? TAG SAID HE WAS EXPECTING YOU. HE WENT TO INDIAN HEAD HILL TO SEE IF IT WAS SLABBED.

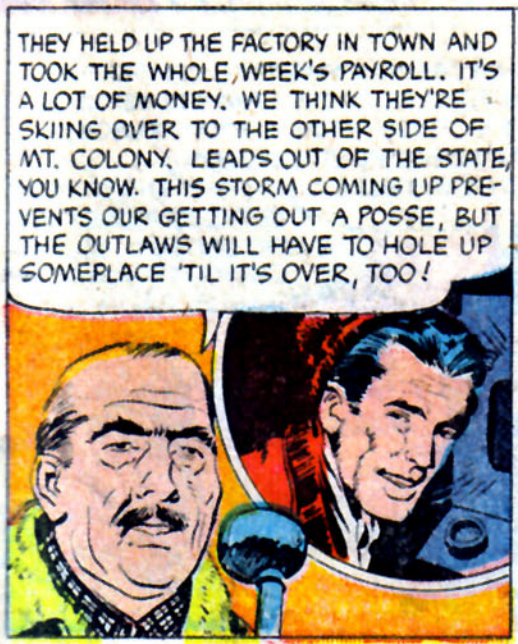
SLABBED? WHAT'S THAT?

MEANS TH' SNOW IS BRITTLE AND TREACHEROUS AND MIGHT AVALANCHE ANY TIME!

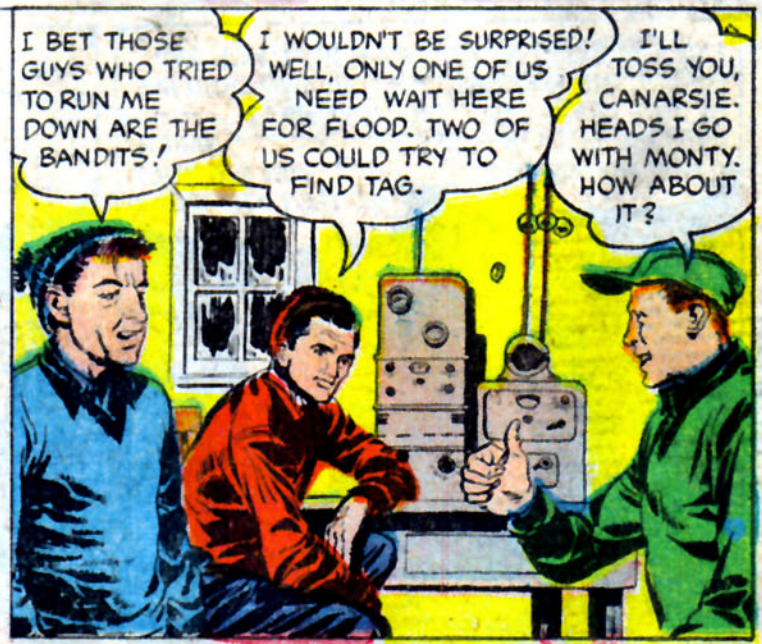


I'M STARTING OVER RIGHT NOW. KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR TAG. WE WANT TO KNOW IF HE'S SEEN TRACES OF THE PAYROLL THIEVES!

PAYROLL THIEVES! AROUND HERE?



THEY HELD UP THE FACTORY IN TOWN AND TOOK THE WHOLE WEEK'S PAYROLL. IT'S A LOT OF MONEY. WE THINK THEY'RE SKIING OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE OF MT. COLONY. LEAD'S OUT OF THE STATE, YOU KNOW. THIS STORM COMING UP PREVENTS OUR GETTING OUT A POSSE, BUT THE OUTLAWS WILL HAVE TO HOLE UP SOMEPLACE 'TIL IT'S OVER, TOO!



I BET THOSE GUYS WHO TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN ARE THE BANDITS!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED! WELL, ONLY ONE OF US NEED WAIT HERE FOR FLOOD. TWO OF US COULD TRY TO FIND TAG.

I'LL TOSS YOU, CANARSIE. HEADS I GO WITH MONTY. HOW ABOUT IT?



I SURE APPRECIATE YOU VOLUNTEERIN' TO STAY BEHIND, CANARSIE.

NUTS. YOU AND MONTY AREN'T GOIN' ON ANY PLEASURE TRIP! AND YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SPEED TO BEAT THAT STORM!

INDIAN HEAD HILL IS IN THIS DIRECTION ACCORDIN' TO THE MAP I FOUND IN THE CABIN.

MONTY, WHAT HAPPENS IF WE RUN INTO THE CROOKS ??

THAT WORRIED ME, TOO, TEX, SO I BROUGHT SOME OF TAG'S SUPPLIES. LET'S HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO USE 'EM!

LOOK OVER THERE, MONTY! ISN'T THAT A BODY?!

SURE LOOKS LIKE ONE, TEX! LET'S MAKE TRACKS ...IT MIGHT BE TAG!

TAG'S COMING TO, TEX. THAT WAS A NASTY CRACK HE TOOK ON THE HEAD.

GUESS WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME. A LITTLE LONGER AND HE'D HAVE FROZEN TO DEATH!

YOU TWO SURE SAVED MY LIFE. NOT MUCH I CAN SAY EXCEPT THANKS.

FORGET IT, TAG. BUT WHAT HAPPENED?

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT INDIAN HEAD HILL AND FORGOT THE ROBBERS. THEY BUSHWACKED ME AT THIS CABIN...HAD THE ADVANTAGE OVER ME BOTH IN SURPRISE AND NUMBERS!

WHICH WAY DID THEY GO TAG? ANY IDEA?

BACK TO MY CABIN. I WAS STILL CONSCIOUS ENOUGH TO HEAR THEM. THEY'RE PLANNIN' TO RIDE OUT THE STORM AT MY PLACE, FIGURIN' NOBODY'D EVER LOOK FOR THEM THERE!

AND CANARSIE IS THERE ALONE! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK, STORM OR NO STORM!



DON'T GO BACK THE WAY YOU CAME. KEEP GOIN' NORTH... BETTER SLIDEPATHS, FASTER TRAVELIN'. MY TWO BUSHWACKERS WENT THAT WAY. PROBABLY THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T RUN INTO THEM. AND KEEP MOVIN'! THIS STORM IS A STINGER!

WILL TAG BE OKAY THERE, MONTY?

HE'LL DO FINE TILL WE CAN GET ANOTHER PAIR OF SKIS OUT TO HIM.

JUGGS, I THOUGHT YA SAID NOBODY'D BE HERE SINCE WE TOOK CARE OF TAG MALONE.

SHUT UP, NORTON! YOU BY THE WINDOW ...TURN AROUND. WE WANT TO SEE YOUR PRETTY FACE!

YOU... WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

MY SETTIN' UP EXERCISES, NATCH. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT MY ARMS UP IN THE AIR, SKINHEAD!

A WISE GUY, EH? I DON'T LIKE WISE GUYS, SEE!

SNAP IT OFF, NORTON...SOMEBODY'S COMIN'!!

ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU, BRIGHT BOY, AND YOUR INNARDS WILL SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY!

NOW, WHICH ONE OF YOU IS MONTY HALL? I'M SUPERVISOR FLOOD.

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. FLOOD. I'M MONTY HALL!

OH, MY ACHIN' BACK!



WE MUST HAVE GONE  
ASTRAY. WE SHOULD  
HAVE REACHED THE  
LODGE BY NOW!

WE'RE SMACK  
ON TOP OF A  
PRETTY STEEP  
HILL, TOO!



WE MIGHT AS WELL  
RIDE ON DOWN.  
I'LL GO FIRST!

IT LOOKS LIKE A MIGHTY FAST  
SLIDE. BET THAT OLD INDIAN  
HEAD OVER THERE HAS SEEN A  
LOT OF SKIERS WAXIN' DOWN!

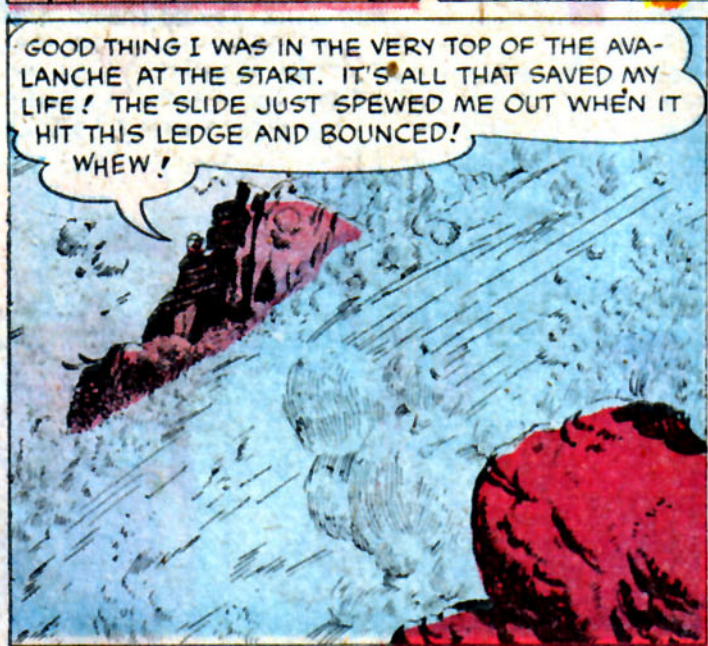


MONTY! THIS MUST BE  
INDIAN HEAD HILL... AND  
IT'S SLABBED!!



GOOD THING I WAS IN THE VERY TOP OF THE AVALANCHE AT THE START. IT'S ALL THAT SAVED MY LIFE! THE SLIDE JUST SPEWED ME OUT WHEN IT HIT THIS LEDGE AND BOUNCED!

WHEW!



MONTY,  
ARE YOU  
HURT?

NOT A SCRATCH! I'M A LUCKY  
GISMO! ANYWAY, WE KNOW  
WHERE WE ARE NOW. LET'S  
GET TO THAT LODGE!





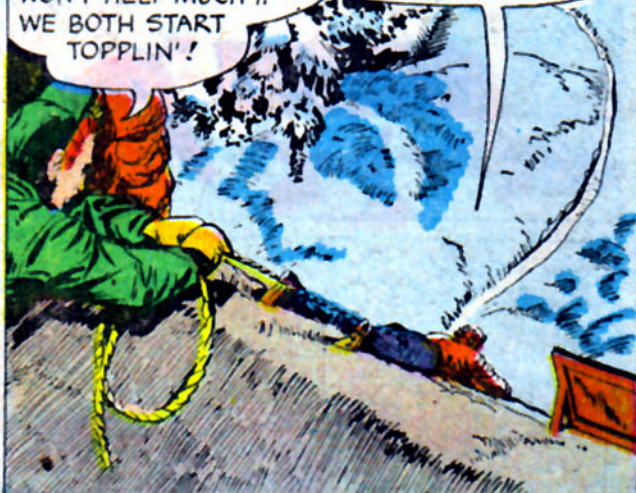
THAT OTHER GUY  
MUST BE FLOOD, THE  
SUPERVISOR.  
WHAT'S NEXT?

AT LEAST THEY'RE ALIVE,  
TEX. I WAS PLENTY  
WORRIED. BUT I THINK  
THERE'S A WAY TO RESCUE  
THEM AND CAPTURE  
THE BANDITS, TOO!



YOU'RE GETTIN' PRETTY  
CLOSE TO THE EDGE,  
MONTY. AND THIS ROPE  
WON'T HELP MUCH IF  
WE BOTH START  
TOPPLIN'!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TEX.  
WE'LL PLANT THE  
EXPLOSIVES HERE.



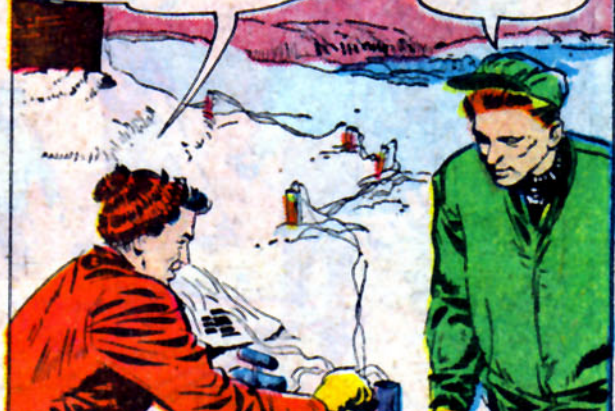
DO ALL RANGERS  
USE THIS KIND OF  
HIGH EXPLOSIVE TO  
BLAST DANGEROUS  
SNOW?

YES. NOT EVEN A HAMMER  
COULD SET IT OFF! IT TAKES  
A SPECIAL RELEASE. THIS  
STUFF WAS IN THOSE  
SUPPLIES OF TAG'S THAT I  
TOOK.



WELL, THAT'S THAT! WITH  
THE BLIZZARD OVER NOW  
THE CROOKS WILL TRY TO  
MAKE A BREAK FOR IT  
SURE! WE BETTER GET  
DOWN THERE FAST!

I JUST HOPE THIS  
AVALANCHE  
AMBUSH OF  
YOURS WON'T  
BACKFIRE ON US,  
MONTY!



KEEP MOVIN' AHEAD! IF WE  
MISS YOU,  
YOU LIVE! YOU CRUDS!  
WHAT  
TOOK YOU  
SO LONG! OVER  
THIS  
WAY,  
KNUCKLE-  
HEAD!



STOP SHOOTING  
AND GIVE UP OR  
I'LL BLAST!



WHO DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
BLUFFIN',  
BIG SHOT?

OKAY, YOU  
ASKED FOR  
IT!

THE PUNK DID IT!  
HE'S BLOWN THE  
SNOW. WE'LL BE  
AVALANCED!







GOOD WORK!  
I TAKE IT YOU'RE  
THE REAL MONTY  
HALL?

HE SURE IS! WHAT'S THE  
IDEA, AIMIN' THAT  
SNOW AT US? I  
THOUGHT WE WERE  
GONERS!

QUIT  
THINKIN'  
DRY BRAIN!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER

YOU SEE, I AIMED  
THAT AVALANCHE  
TO FALL JUST BEHIND THE  
LODGE, WHICH IT DID. NOBODY,  
INCLUDING JUGGS AND NORTON,  
WAS EVER IN DANGER!

THEY  
GOT A  
GOOD SCARE,  
THOUGH.



I'LL GO FIRST.  
THE REST OF  
YOU FOLLOW  
ME!

I GUESS I'LL  
SIT THIS ONE  
OUT, FELLAS!

OH, COME ON,  
CANARSIE. IT'LL  
GIVE YOU A REAL  
BANG-UP THRILL!



WELL...HERE GOES NOTHIN'!



WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED  
IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT  
WITH MY OWN EYES!

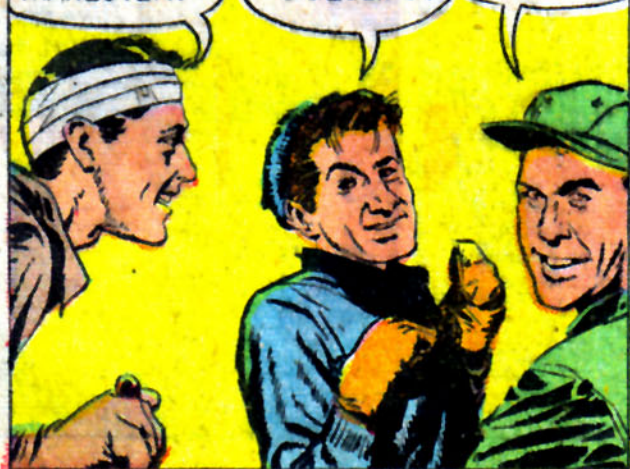
WITH CANARSIE, ONLY  
THE IMPROBABLE IS  
POSSIBLE!



THAT WAS GREAT,  
CANARSIE. I NEVER  
SAW A MORE  
COMPLICATED  
MANEUVER!

NOTHIN TO IT!  
IN BROOKLYN  
WE CALL IT  
THE SUBWAY  
SIDESLIPS!

NOW I'VE  
HEARD  
EV'RYTHIN'!



COME ON, PLOWJACK!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
WAITIN'  
FOR?

LOOK AT  
HIM GO. HE'S REALLY  
SKIING! LIKE AN  
EXPERT, TOO!

THAT'S OUR  
BOY!



THE END



# "IT TAKES A MARINE"

Harry Dutton, Pfc, looked up the line and finally saw the man he was looking for. This was the guy he hated — the guy Harry had sworn to prove wrong. Staff-Sergeant John Garadine, the roughest, toughest squad leader in the Marine Corps — the top-kick who had made him squirm through those hell-weeks at Boot Camp.

The guy who looked him in the eye that grey morning at Parris Island and said, "Dutton, you'll never make a Marine — and I'm going to prove it!"

Harry never forgave him for that crack. Not once during those eight tough weeks of training. And Garadine never let up on him. Not even once. The roughest, dirtiest details were always handed to Harry. But why did Garadine have to laugh when he handed out the details? That was something Harry couldn't figure.

"Kid," he always said, "any time this gets too rough for you, just let me know!"

Then he always smiled that knowing smile of his — the one that made Harry want to punch him right in the teeth. But somehow he managed to struggle through. He had to, because he couldn't stand having Garadine laugh at him. And he swore that he'd show Garadine that he was a Marine, as rough and tough as the rest of them — or die in the attempt.

Now, it was a long way from Parris Island. About 8,000 miles, to be exact. And a muddy ridge line somewhere in Korea was a lot different than the training fields of South Carolina. Things were a little too busy to worry if some dumb Marine sergeant still called him "Boot."

The whole squad was in this mess, pinned down by a couple of Chinese machinegun nests. Every movement, every twitch of a muscle brought down the murderous cross-fire. It was murder with a capital M. But still Harry could think only of Garadine.

He watched the sergeant as he scanned the terrain, trying to pick out the hidden nests. And though he hated Garadine, he had to admire him. His squad always took on the roughest patrols and the dirtiest jobs. But still it managed to come out on top. With a guy like Garadine goading them on, they couldn't afford to come out any place but on top!

Up until the previous night, that was. Things had been pretty good until then. But

now Harry realized that Garadine was only human, that he made mistakes like everybody else. And this was one of his mistakes. How else could he have allowed a whole patrol get bottled up by a couple of lousy gun emplacements? He should have figured that the Reds had this place zeroed in!

Harry chuckled to himself as he realized the hole Garadine was in. "Now let's see the wise guy get out of this," he mumbled, then slipped down into the mud of the foxhole. Might as well get some rest, he thought. Things were sure to be popping before long.

"Hey, Boot! Get the lead out and come over by me!"

Harry would have recognized that voice in his sleep. Rolling over and staring down the line, he looked into Garadine's eyes. He still carried a smirk on his face, rubbing it in even here in the lines.

Squirming through the mud, he finally dropped beside Garadine.

"What's the matter, kid, the trip too much for you?" the sergeant asked. "Still haven't made a Marine out of you, have I?"

"Lay off, Garadine," Harry growled. "If you don't want to see me about anything more important than that, let me get back to my post. I'm not letting the Reds pull a fast one on me!"

He said it intentionally, trying to hurt Garadine. And it had hurt. Harry saw the top-kick's knuckles go white as his hands clenched harder on the rifle barrel in front of him. It felt good to see him squirm!

But his anger passed and he grinned. "I always said you'd never make anything but a Boot. Here's your chance to prove I'm wrong." He pointed out past the line. "What do you see out there?"

Harry thought that it was now or never. He thought that if he could spot the machinegun nests, maybe Garadine would lay off. He inched his head above the shelter of the foxhole and squinted out into the glistening snow.

There was nothing — nothing at all. He raised his head a little higher, peering out into the whiteness.

Then, suddenly, a chopper opened up — and Harry felt himself being dragged back. Garadine had saved his life!

"There, there, sonny!" Garadine laughed. "Ain't nobody going to hurt you while I'm around. Now, let's see how well you learned



your lesson. What did you see out there besides snow?"

Harry shook his head. "Nothing, Garadine. Not a damn thing."

"Still haven't learned a thing, have you?" the sergeant grunted. "Boot! That's all you'll ever be — a Boot! If you'd used your eyes you would have seen that the snow in front of that bunker about 300 yards in front of us was melted. The same thing with the bunker out to the left. And that snow melted because of just one thing — the heat from machinegun bullets firing from those bunkers! Right?"

Harry didn't say anything. But he hated Garadine more than ever. There was no reason to rub it in like that — no reason at all.

"And now that we know where they are," the sergeant went on, talking to himself, trying to figure it out, "we've got to clean them out." A small thing like two machineguns wasn't going to stop the great Sergeant John Garadine!

"This is a job for two men," he said. "One tries for one nest, and the other takes the second one. Care to try it with me, Boot?"

Harry wanted to say no, but he couldn't. He said, "I'm your boy, Sarge."

"Okay, let's move out," Garadine said, and slapped Harry on the back. "Good luck, kid."

Half expecting to be ripped by machinegun slugs, Harry slithered out into the soft snow. But nothing happened. Making sure that his grenades were secure, he inched forward bit by bit.

Half an hour later he was within thirty feet of the objective — and still no sound from the Chinese. It was now or never! He unhooked two grenades from his belt and hefted them. The compact shrapnel felt cool to his touch. He crouched on his knees as he pulled the pins. From inside the dugout he could hear the excited chattering of the enemy. He had been spotted!

The grenades went off inside the dugout just as he hit the snow-covered ground.

*Bar-rooom!!!*

He jumped into the destroyed bunker before the smoke cleared. Nothing moved. He had taken the nest!

"Well, ain't this nice," he said, a little proud of himself. "Not a Marine, ain't I? I guess that showed him! Let Garadine try to spout off now!"

There wasn't much left of the bunker, but one of its two machineguns looked okay. Harry sat it back on its pivot and fed a belt into the chamber. It still worked!

Then he thought of Garadine, and peered out for him. Then, suddenly, the other bunker opened up. The sergeant had been spotted, and the Reds were drawing a bead on him!

Harry swung the gun around and brought the enemy into his sights. But there, blocking the way, was the struggling figure of Garadine! Harry knew he couldn't shoot without hitting him — and he was wounded — couldn't move out of the way!

The sergeant turned his head, and Harry could see the painful smile on his face.

"Hi, Boots!" he yelled. "I see you didn't forget everything I taught you! Now take care of that other bunker so my boys can move out! Hurry!"

"No!" Harry called. "I can't! You're in the way!"

"Forget about me!" Garadine boomed at him. "That's an order. Shoot!"

"But, Sarge—"

"Hit that trigger, Boots! Damn you, hit it! On the double!"

Harry didn't know what to do. He hated Garadine — or he thought he did — but he couldn't shoot him. He didn't hate anybody that much — nobody except the enemy. But Garadine had given him an order. He knew he had to follow it, and fast!

Then he got an idea. An inch — two inches — that's all he needed. That's all he needed to clear Garadine's prone body. Working feverishly, he dragged a broken beam from the bunker and propped the gun pivot on it.

"Shoot, for Pete's sake!" Garadine screamed at him. "What are you waiting for?"

Then Harry poured it into the Reds. The gun bucked and bounced in his hands, spewing slugs just inches above Garadine's body. But he didn't let up. Not until one of his bullets struck the ammo in the other emplacement and the whole place exploded!

Then he raced to Garadine's side and grabbed him in his arms. One of his legs had been chewed up and his left side was a mess. But he was smiling.

"Good deal, Boot," he said weakly. "Good deal. You just earned yourself a promotion. From now on you're on my side. You were a cocky kid when you came to me, but I turned you into a Marine!" Then he passed out.

Harry held Garadine tight, finally realizing why the grizzled top-kick had driven him the way he had. They had a war to fight, and it couldn't be fought by kids or even men. It took guts like Garadine's — the kind of guts you've got to have to be a Marine!



# Pin-Up Pete

WHEN I'M ROTATED I'M GONNA PUT MY FEET  
UNDER A TABLE CLOTH, RING-SIDE OF COURSE, ORDER  
A TALL ONE AND JUST LET THE BABES DANCE BY ME AND  
GIVE ME THAT, "DON'T-GO-AWAY-HANDSOME-I'LL-BE-AT-YOUR  
TABLE-RIGHT-AFTER-I-FINISH-MY-NUMBER-  
LOOK"! AH HOW WELL  
I REMEMBER-----



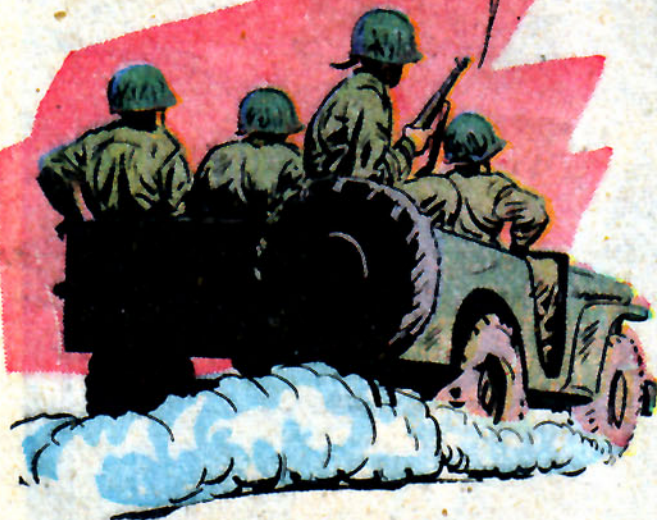


I WAS BORN, AS YOU GUYS KNOW, IN SOUTH BROOKLYN... AN' EVER SINCE THEN I'VE HAD A KINDA SOFT SPOT IN MY HEAD FOR TH' **SOUTH**... SO WHEN I WANDERS INTO MANNY'S MASON-DIXON BAR AN' GRILL, ONE NIGHT T' ABSORB SOME O' TH' ATMOSPHERE... I BUMPS INTO A BARKEEPER, I KNOW, HE ASKS ME IF I'D LIKE T' MEET **LILLYBELLE**, THE SINGER. I NATURALLY ACQUIESES, ...**LILLYBELLE** BEIN' TH' CUTEST BUNDLE O' SOUTHERN COMFORT I'VE SEEN... AFTER TH' INTRODUCTION, THE THREE O' US SITS AROUND FOR A COUPLE O' HOURS CHEWIN' TH' RAG AN' TRYIN' T' OUTDO EACH OTHER BY PROCLAIMIN' OUR LOVE FOR TH' **OLD SOUTH**... AN' ALL TH' TIME I'M RACKIN' UP A BAR BILL BIG ENOUGH T' CHOKE MAN-O-WAR.


FINALLY, TH' BARKEEP WINS TH' CONTEST BY SAYIN' "MY LOVE FOR TH' **OLD SOUTH KNOWS NO BOUNDS**, CHUMS... I'LL ALWAYS BE FAITHFUL T' TH' **OLD SOUTHERN SPIRIT**. GIVE ME TH' GOOD **OLD SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY**, TH' COTTON FIELDS, TH' LEVEES AN' TH' DELTA AN' EVERYTHIN' ELSE THAT GOES WIT' IT AN' I'LL BE HAPPY..."

AN HOUR LATER, I'M TAKIN' **LILLYBELLE** HOME (OUR FRIENDSHIP HAVIN' PROGRESSED THAT FAR) AN' I'M CHUCKLIN' T' MYSELF IN THE CAB. "WHAT'S SO FUNNY" SHE ASKS... "NOTHIN'" I SAYS "I WAS JUST WONDERIN' HOW DEEP THE BARTENDER'S LOVE FOR TH' **OLD SOUTH** RUNS... SEEMIN' AS HOW I HAVE PAID THE BARTAB IN CONFEDERATE MONEY."

LILLYBELLE







LEMME TELL YOU  
GUYS ABOUT A WILD EVENIN',  
ME AN' TWENTY GYRENES FROM  
MY OUTFIT SPENT AT TH' RIO CAFE,  
IN TH' CITY OF TH' SAME NAME. WE  
WERE ALL GETTIN' KINDA GAY..  
WHEN ONTO TH' STAGE COMES **BUENOS  
AIRES BENITA**... TH' MOST BEAUTIFUL  
HUNK O' LATIN-TYPE PULCHRITUDE I'D  
EVER SEEN. SHE NEARLY BRINGS DOWN  
TH' HOUSE, WIT' HER SLINKY KINDA DANCIN'.  
ME AN' TH' FELLOWS MUSTA STARTED GET-  
TIN' A LITTLE ROUGH, WHEN SOMEBODY  
CALLS TH' SP'S. SOON TH' JOINT IS  
SWARMIN' WITH 'EM. BUT THEY CAN'T SEEM  
T' MANAGE US, WE'RE TOO MANY AN' TOO WILD,  
... AFTER A COUPLE MINUTES TH' MOB O' GYRENES  
GETS OUTA CONTROL, ME INCLUDED, AN' IT LOOKS  
MORE LIKE A MOB SCENE THAN A DANCE FLOOR.

BUT ONE O' TH' SP'S WHISPERS IN BENITA'S EARS  
AN' SHE SUDDENLY ANNOUNCES THAT SHE'S GONNA  
LEAD A **CONGA LINE**, EVERYBODY GRABS TH' GUY IN  
FRONT OF HIM. **BENITA** STARTS SNAKIN' AN' WEAVIN'  
T' TH' RYTHM O' TH' CONGA, AN' WE JUST NATURALLY  
SNAKES ALONG BEHIND HER. OUT INTO THE  
STREET WE GO, IN AN' OUT OF ALLEYS, UP  
AVENUES, DOWN BOULEVARDS, TOWARDS TH'  
**NAVY YARD.**

OF COURSE ME AN' TH' GUYS ARE  
TOO LOADED WITH... ER... INTEREST IN TH' DANCE  
T' REALIZE IT, BUT THAT TRAITOR **BENITA** LEADS  
US INTO TH' **NAVY YARD**, .... TH' WAITIN' SP'S SWING  
OPEN TH' DOOR O' TH' BRIG, AN' IN WE GO !!!  
IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD IF SHE'D  
STAYED THERE WITH US, BUT TH' SP'S  
MANAGED T' HAUL HER OUT A WINDOW.  
FROM THEN ON I STUCK T' DANCIN'  
WITH ONE PERSON AT A TIME.

**BUENOS AIRES  
BENITA**





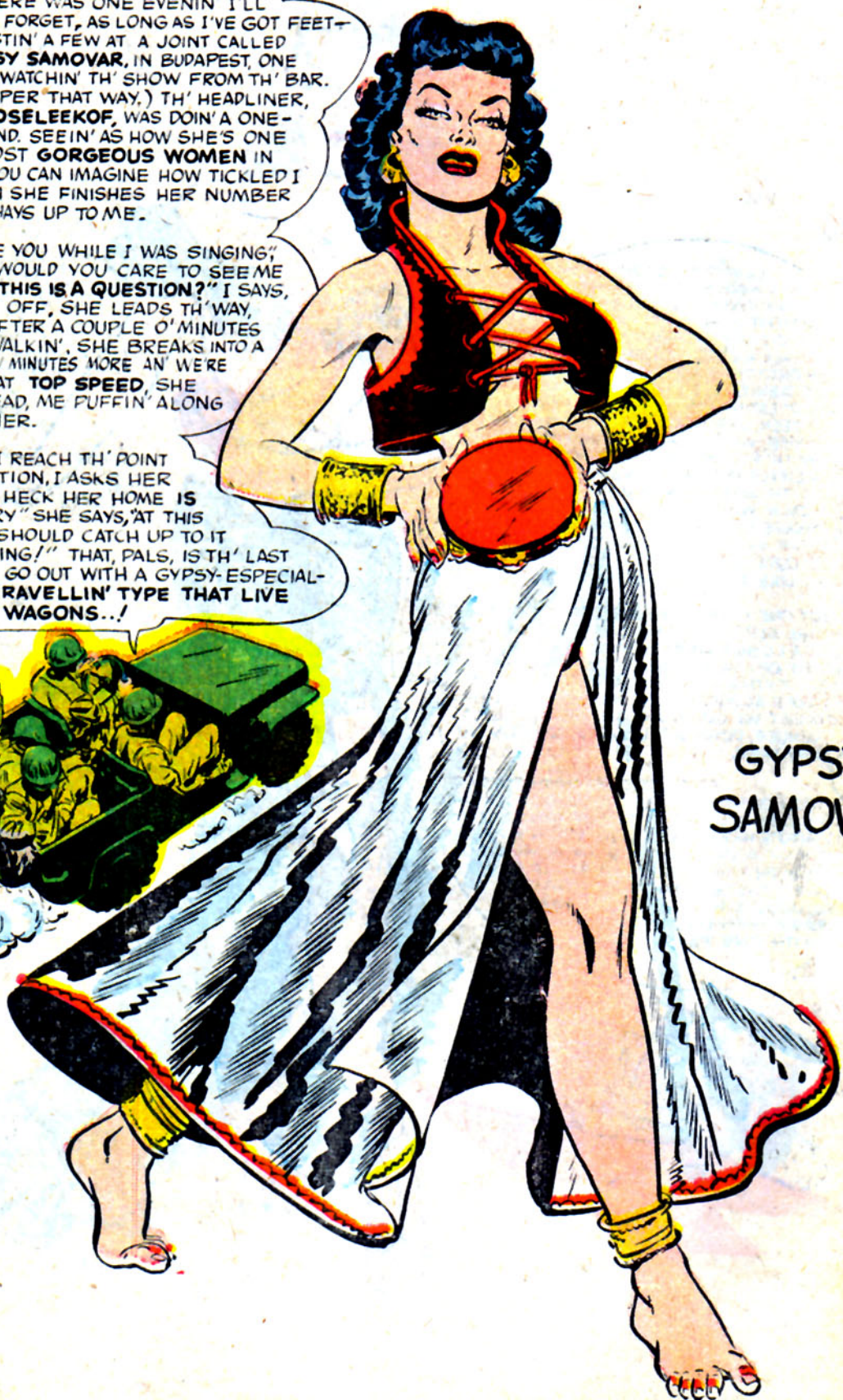
THERE WAS ONE EVENIN' I'LL NEVER FORGET, AS LONG AS I'VE GOT FEET— I WAS HISTIN' A FEW AT A JOINT CALLED **THE GYPSY SAMOVAR**, IN BUDAPEST, ONE NIGHT, AN' WATCHIN' TH' SHOW FROM TH' BAR. (IT'S CHEAPER THAT WAY.) TH' HEADLINER, **GYPSY ROSELEKOF**, WAS DOIN' A ONE-NIGHT STAND. SEEIN' AS HOW SHE'S ONE OF TH' MOST **GORGEOUS WOMEN** IN EUROPE, YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW TICKLED I WAS WHEN SHE FINISHES HER NUMBER AND SASHAYS UP TO ME.

"I NOTICE YOU WHILE I WAS SINGIN'," SHE SAYS, "WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE ME HOME?" "THIS IS A QUESTION?" I SAYS, AND WE'RE OFF, SHE LEADS TH' WAY, SEE, AN' AFTER A COUPLE O' MINUTES O' BRISK WALKIN', SHE BREAKS INTO A TROT. A FEW MINUTES MORE AN' WE'RE **RUNNIN' AT TOP SPEED**, SHE IN THE LEAD, ME PUFFIN' ALONG BEHIND HER.

JUST AS I REACH TH' POINT O' EXHAUSTION, I ASKS HER WHERE TH' HECK HER HOME IS "DON'T WORRY" SHE SAYS, "AT THIS RATE WE SHOULD CATCH UP TO IT BY MORNING!" THAT, PALS, IS TH' LAST TIME I'LL GO OUT WITH A GYPSY-ESPECIAL- LY TH' **TRAVELLIN' TYPE THAT LIVE IN WAGONS...**!



**GYPSY  
SAMOVAR**





I WAS ALWAYS A SUCKER FOR  
**CHORUS LINE**... ESPECIALLY FROM A **RING-SIDE**  
**TABLE**... BUT I DON'T GO FOR 'EM NO MORE ON  
ACCOUNTA ITS BAD FOR TH' EYES. I LEARNED THAT ONE  
NIGHT A COUPLE O' YEARS BACK, AT A JOINT CALL TH'  
**CAFE DE LA GAM**, IN PAREE... ONE OF THE FEATURE  
ATTRACTIONS AT TH' JOINT IS A CHORUS LINE WHAT DOES  
TH' CAN CAN WITH TH' HIGHEST KICK SINCE **ED GROZA**.  
NOT BEIN' SATISFIED WITH ANYTHIN' LESS THAN TH'  
BEST (THAT BEIN' MY NATURE), I INSIST ON A **RING-SIDE**  
**TABLE**, ONE OF TH' GALS, THIRD FROM TH' LEFT AN'  
**COSETTE** BY NAME, CATCHES MY EYE, SEE, AN' I KINDA  
STRAINS FORWARD IN MY CHAIR T' GET A BETTER  
LOOK... THEN SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED... TH' ONE  
THING I BEEN **DREADIN'** ALL DURING MY **LONG**  
AND **DISTINGUISHED**

CAREER AS A  
NIGHT-CLUB  
**RINGSIDER**...

**I GOT KICKED IN TH' FACE !!!**  
WHEN I WOKE UP TH' NEXT DAY,  
I FOUND MYSELF WITH A SHINER  
THAT LASTED FOR THREE  
WEEKS... AND TH' DETERMINATION  
NEVER T' GET ANY **CLOSER**  
TO A **CHORUSLINE** THAN  
TH' BAR ACROSS  
TH' ROOM.

COSETTE



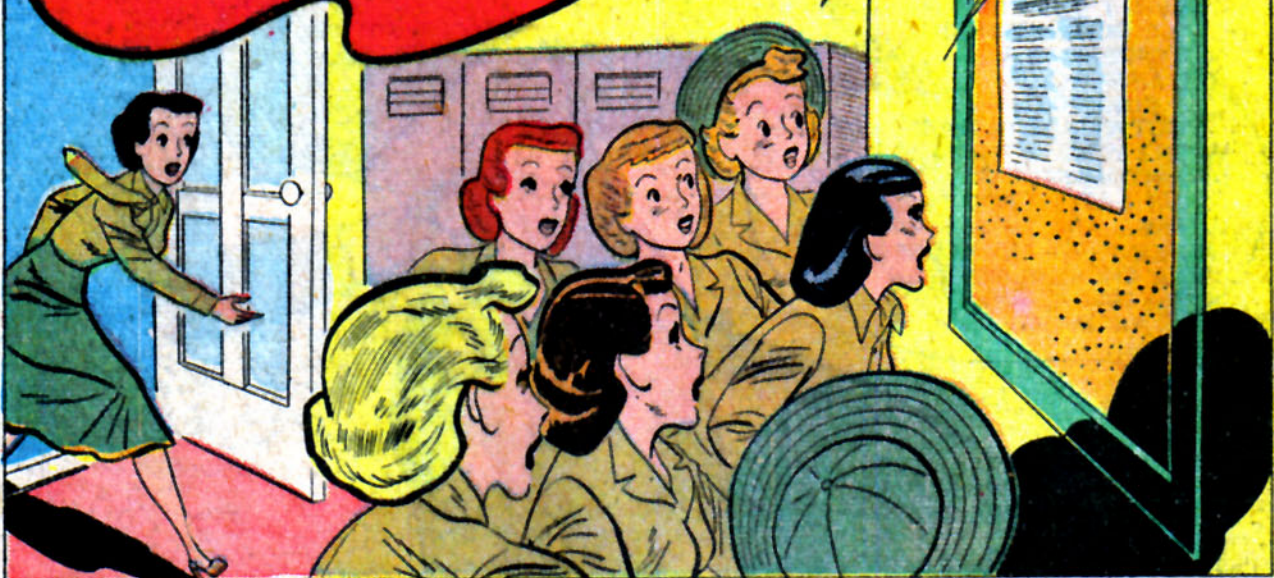


# "Gwendolyn"

by Vic HERMAN

GET A LOAD OF THIS DUTY ROSTER, GWEN! THAT CRACK ABOUT A WOMAN'S WORK NEVER BEING DONE GOES FOR THE MARINES, TOO!

SUFFERIN' SPUDS-- WE'RE ON K.P.!



IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE WORSE THAN PEELING POTATOES-- IT'S PEELING POTATOES!

YEAH-- ME TOO!



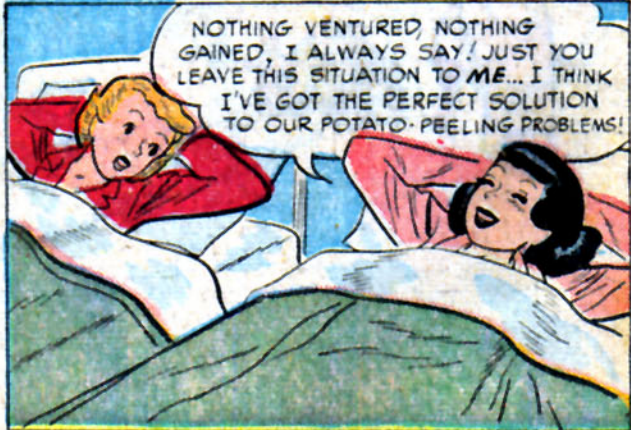
LETTY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MAY BEAT THIS RAP FOR US. IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH A TRY, ANYWAY!



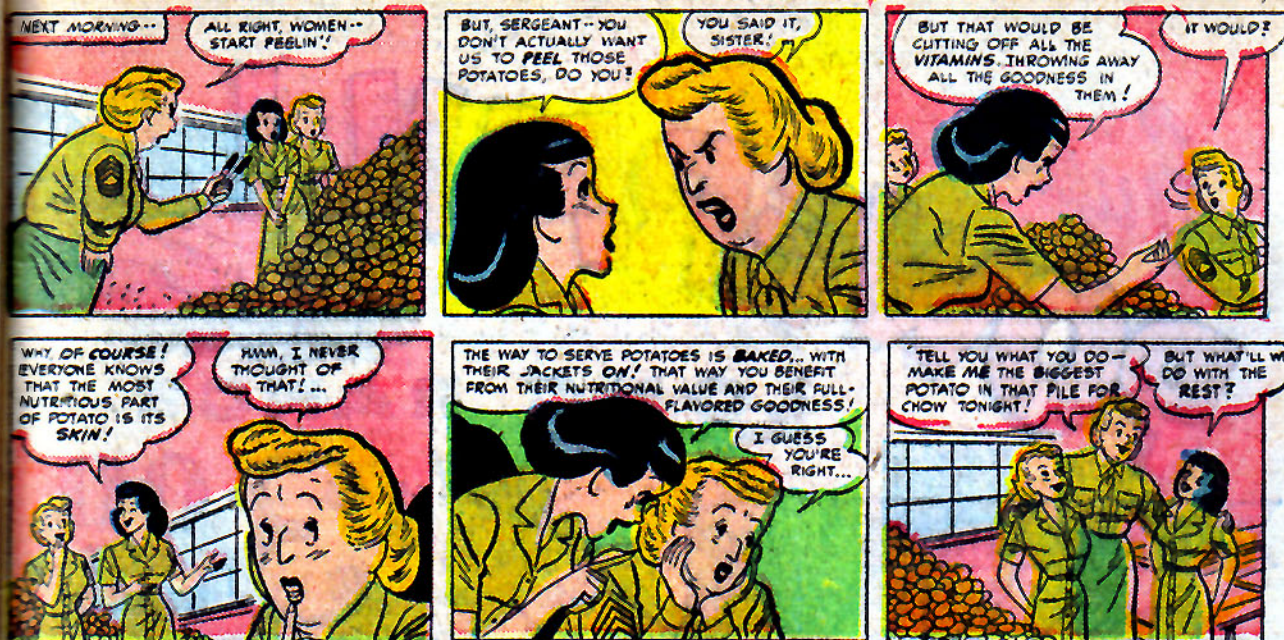
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, GWEN! I HATE TO SCRAPE SPUDS JUST AS MUCH AS YOU DO-- BUT LET'S NOT MESS AROUND WITH THAT MESS SERGEANT!



NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING GAINED, I ALWAYS SAY! JUST YOU LEAVE THIS SITUATION TO ME... I THINK I'VE GOT THE PERFECT SOLUTION TO OUR POTATO-PEELING PROBLEMS!







# ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,  
U.S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,171

**TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES**

**TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS:** Set consists of TWO (2) "Transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Powered by new patented Itemo electro-magnetic chassis. Practical, foolproof operation is guaranteed.

**BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO:** Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Mystify your friends--plan your own radio programs and announcements.

**RECEIVE LOCAL BROADCAST STATIONS:** Your Walkie Talkie can easily be converted to the broadcast band and thus serve as your own private radio receiver. The REMCO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter, aerial attachment only \$1.98 (Optional). Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic; engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed -- or your money refunded in full.

**Certificate of Guarantee**

If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

**100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE!** We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things stated in this ad.

**\$3.49**

**EMPIRE MERCHANDISING CO., DEPT F-42** Send check, cash, or M.O.  
63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units \_\_\_\_\_ Price \$3.49

☐ Send complete Walkie Talkies plus adapter and aerial \_\_\_\_\_ Price \$5.47

☐ Full payment enclosed. Rush order post-paid.

☐ \$1 deposit enclosed. Will pay postman balance plus charges.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Super POWERFUL!



## LONG RANGE

MADE BY GERMAN ARTISANS

ONLY \$ **3.00**  
NOT \$10.00

# FREE

OF EXTRA COST TO YOU  
A handsome SURPRISE FRIENDSHIP GIFT given with every pair of KLAROVIS. You'll be surprised and delighted. We do this to win you as a lifetime friend and customer. Tell your friends about us! This gift is yours to KEEP ALWAYS, even if you RETURN the KLAROVIS for full refund! Put your trust in this friendly company! Send coupon TODAY!

- 3 x 40 mm. Power Lenses
- Sharp Clear Views
- Smart, Modern Design
- Centre-Focusing Wheel
- Big Size and Big Power
- Satisfaction Guaranteed

## SEND NO MONEY — Try at our risk!

Here's a LIFETIME BARGAIN for you! Compare with domestic binoculars selling up to 10.00 for clarity, light weight and rugged construction! Just look thru them once and you'll be convinced of their quality. You will be thrilled with the GERMAN KLAROVIS lens that give you TERRIFIC MAGNIFICATION POWER, a wide field of view and sharp, brilliant detail! Smooth SYNCHRONIZED centre focusing mechanism gives you quick, easy adjustments. Light weight — easy to carry with you — yet they are so STRONGLY made that it is virtually IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK THEM in normal use! Yes, this is what you have always wanted now yours at an unbelievably LOW PRICE — while they last!

### BIG SIZE — BIG POWER — BIG VALUE

Please do not confuse the KLAROVIS with crudely made Binoculars claiming 18 MILE RANGES! These are NEW and so DIFFERENT, made by GERMAN ARTISANS. You receive BIG POWER, BIG SIZE and a BIG, LIFETIME BARGAIN!

### A LIFETIME OF THRILLS AWAITS YOU!

When you own this power-packed instrument, distances seem to melt away — you always have a "ringside" seat at boxing matches, races, baseball or football! You get an intimate view of nature, the sky at night, distant sunsets, birds and wild animals, distant boats, seashore scenes, etc. Carry them with you on hunting trips too!

### FREE TRIAL OFFER — ENJOY AT OUR RISK!

We want to send you a pair of these super-power glasses for you to examine and enjoy for ONE WHOLE WEEK — without obligation.

You take no chances. Test them... use them as you like. Compare them for value and power with binoculars selling up to 10.00. Then YOU be the JUDGE! If you're not thrilled, then return and get your MONEY BACK! Don't send ONE PENNY — pay postman only 3.00 plus postage on arrival. Do it today — WHILE SUPPLY LASTS. Don't miss the fun and thrills another day RUSH THE TRIAL COUPON RIGHT NOW.

### MAIL COUPON FOR HOME TRIAL!

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 109-K-134

131 West 33rd Street

New York 1, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: RUSH your guaranteed KLAROVIS Super Power Field Glasses for a whole week's home trial — FREE of obligation and your SURPRISE FRIENDSHIP GIFT. I will pay postman 3.00 plus postage on arrival. I shall enjoy them, and use them for a whole week and if not satisfied with this thrilling bargain, you are to send my 3.00 back. The surprise Friendship Gift is mine to KEEP even if I return the KLAROVIS!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

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# When You Have To Defend Yourself Do What The EXPERTS Do! USE THEIR 3-POWER SYSTEM



## OVERCOME ANY ENEMY

No matter how big he is  
or how small you are!

**Now!**

Discover from experts this quick  
way to defend yourself — anywhere — anytime!

**HERE'S** every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one triple-action package. This new fast-moving 3-power system will make you tough to conquer, or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

Gain Respect  
for your  
Manliness

Like Getting  
Personal  
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Act Now,  
Be Prepared!

In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Never again cringe or shy away from a bully. Imagine the wonderful thrill of confidence to know that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough and ready scrapping, deadly-efficient he-man you can be.

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. But you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want everyone to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price was made so low that everyone could afford to have these instructions. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books containing the 3-Power System. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, we'll send you all 3 books for the price of only 2 if you act now!

JIU-JITSU  
As taught to  
Marines, "G"  
men, etc.  
50c

BOXING  
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Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW.

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Rush me a copy of

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(If you check two books, we will send you the third without additional charge)

☐ Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ Please send the books all charges prepaid

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charges (No C.O.D. for less than \$1.00)

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

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It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price

No C.O.D. to APO FPO or outside U.S.A.



GEE what a build!  
Didn't it take a long  
time to get those muscles?

SHOWE

No SIR! - ATLAS  
Makes Muscles Grow  
**FAST!**

# Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

5 inches  
of new  
Muscle

"My arms increased  
1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; fore-  
arm 1 1/2". — C. S. W. Va.

What a  
difference!

"Have put  
3 1/2" on chest (nor-  
mal) and 2 1/2" ex-  
panded. — P. S. N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS  
did for ME!



John Jacobs  
BEFORE

John Jacobs  
AFTER

For quick results  
I recommend  
**CHARLES  
ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot  
showing wonderful prog-  
ress." — W. G. N. J.

**GAINED  
29  
POUNDS**

"When I started,  
weighed only 141  
Now 170." — T. K. N. Y.

**CHARLES  
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Awarded the  
title of "The  
World's Most  
Perfectly De-  
veloped Man" in  
international  
contest — in  
competition with  
ALL men who  
would consent to  
appear against  
him.



Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are,  
or how ashamed of your present physical  
condition you may be. If you can simply  
raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID  
MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm  
—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a  
day—right in your own home—is all the  
time I ask of you! And there's no cost if  
I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen  
your back, develop your whole muscular  
system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add  
inches to your chest, give you a vice-like  
grip, make those legs of yours lithe and  
powerful. I can shoot new strength into  
your old backbone, exercise those inner or-  
gans, help you cram your body so full of  
pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you  
won't feel there's even "standing room"  
left for weakness and that lazy feeling!  
Before I get through with you I'll have your  
whole frame "measured" to a nice, new  
beautiful suit of muscle!

## What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The iden-  
tical natural method that I myself developed to  
change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested  
wreckling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming  
marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you  
no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you  
have learned to develop your strength through  
"Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial  
muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT  
muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch  
it increase and multiply double quick into real  
solid LIVE MUSCLE!

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the  
trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical.  
And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a  
day in your own home. From the very start  
you'll be using my method of "Dynamic  
Tension" almost unconsciously every minute  
of the day—walking, bending over etc.—to  
BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

## FREE BOOK

### "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-  
the-shoulder language. Packed with  
inspirational pictures of myself and  
pupils—fellows who became NEW  
MEN in strength, my way. Let me  
show you what I helped THEM do.  
See what I can do for YOU! For a  
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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic  
Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me  
a healthy, husky body and big muscular develop-  
ment. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health  
and Strength."

Name ..... Age .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....



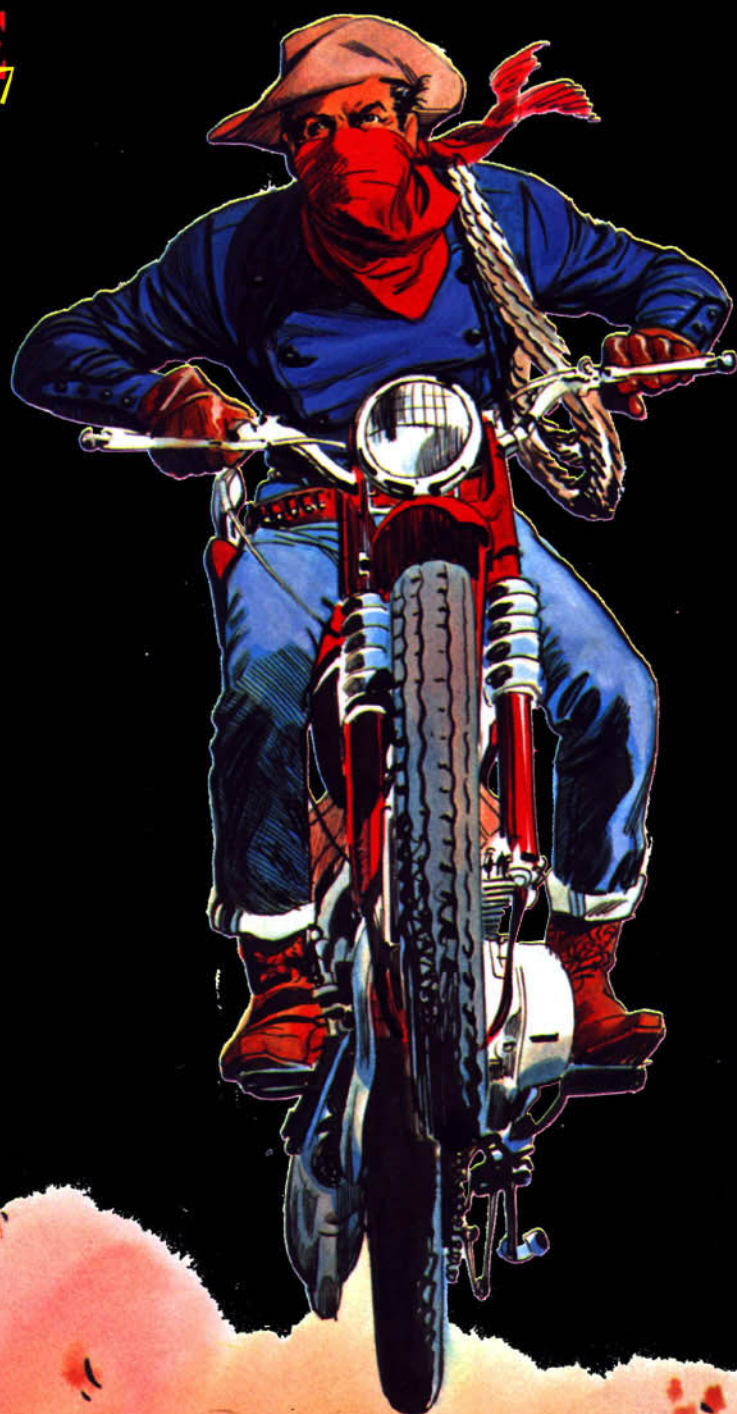


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